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1840

Mrs. Smith, My Dear!

J. S. Du Solle Esqr.

John Watson

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Mrs SMITH, MY DEAR!

A Favorite

COMIC DUET

Sung with enthusiastic Applause

BY

Miss Clarence Wells

AND

Mr QUAYLE,

Written by

J. S. DU SOLLE ESQR

ADAPTED & ARRANGED, BY

J. WATSON.

Philadelphia **AFIOT,** *196 Chesnut St*
Importer of Music, & Musical Instruments.
W. Moland Sc

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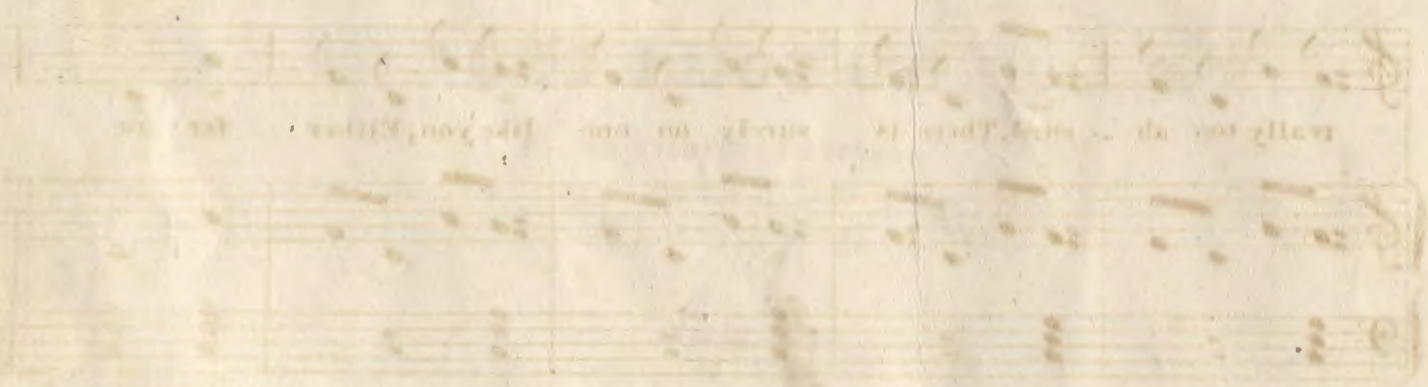

Mrs. SMITH.

A Comic Duet.

Risoluto.

Piano.

Mr. Smith.

Mrs. Smith up-on my word, This is

really too ab - surd, There is surely no one like you, Either far or

near; Winter, summer, autumn, spring, You're for ever on the wing, Never

cres - -

quiet for a moment, Mrs Smith my dear, Winter, summer, autumn,

cres - -

- - - cen - - - - - - - - do - - - - - f

spring, You're for ever on the wing; Never quiet for a moment, Mrs.

- - cen - - - - - - - do - - - - f

mf Mrs S.

Smith my dear. Mr Smith, upon your conscience, How can you talk such

mf

nonsense, I fear your little judgement is' nt o - - ver

clear; Mrs Jones, and Mrs Noga, have both gone to Sa_ra_to_ga, And Cape-

cres

May was all I mentioned, Mr Smith my dear, Mrs Jones and Mrs.

Noga, have both gone to Sa_ra_ _to_ga, And Cape_May was all I mention'd, Mr.

cres

Smith my dear.

2d. Verse. Mr. Smith.

Mrs. Smith a plague upon it Here's a single dress and bonnet, Yet the bill would frighten Croesus into

Mrs. Mr S.

fits; Oh dear! As for Mrs Jones the squinter, Why she starves herself all winter; And can well afford to

travel, Mrs Smith my dear; As to Mrs Jones the squinter, Why she starves herself all winter; And can

Mrs S.

well afford to travel, Mrs Smith my dear. There's your wine and your ci - gars Sir, (You've left the door a-

jar Sir—No oc - casion I be - lieve to let the servants hear;) Cost twenty times the sum too, That

all my habits come to, Oh, bless me I've no patience, Mr Smith my dear; Cost twenty times the

sum too that all my habits come to, Oh dear, bless me I've no patience, Mr Smith my dear.

3d. Verse. Mrs S.

Mrs Smith I'm quite as - tounded, at your love for those confounded balls and parties, routs and concerts ev'- ry

night in the year; As for my wants, they are real, and I'm sure that you can see all my ex - pences, Your's are

endless, Mrs Smith my dear; Yes my wants are few and real, And I'm sure that you can see all my ex-

Mrs S.

pences, Your's are endless, Mrs Smith my dear. Oh your wants! but where's your schemes, Sir? Your

Mr S. Mrs S.

million making dreams Sir? Your Morus - Multi - caulis spec? My dear, now my dear! Out of all, my pretty Scholar, If you

Mr. Smith. duet.

See a single dollar; Why, I'm ve_ry much mis_taken, Mr Smith my dear; Out of all, my pretty

Scholar, If you see a single dollar; Why, I'm very much mis_ta_ken, Mr Smith my dear.

4th. Verse. Mrs. Mrs Smith I'm quite dis_tracted, at the habits you've contracted, I'll not spare an other dollar So I

wont that's clear; On my life! it's very funny, not a thought about the money, Where the mischief should it come from, Mrs

Smith my dear; 'pon my life it's very funny, Not a thought about the money, Where the mischief should it come from, Mrs

Mrs. Smith my dear, I dont ask you where you roam Sir — But this I know — At home Sir; there is very little

Mr. spoken. Pooh pooh!

of you, that we see or hear — And where you choose to be Sir; — Is a myste_ry to me Sir; ——— Why the

fact is quite no_torious, Mr Smith my dear, And where you choose to be Sir; is a myste_ry to

Mr. S. spoken. Mrs. S. Mr. S. Mrs. S.

me Sir; Pooh pooh nonsense. Why, the fact is quite no_to_rious, Mr. Smith my dear. How I hate these petty quarrels, Oh I

Mr. S.

dont impugn your morals, And as really I've no wish to be at all se_vere; Then sup_pose to make an

Mrs. S. Both. Mr. S.

end on't, I shall say no more de_pend on't And we'd better both be qui_et, Mr Smith my dear. Then sup_

Mrs. S. Both.

_pose we make an end on't, I shall say no more de_pend on't, For we'd better both be quiet, Mrs Smith my dear.

Mrs Smith. duet.